

# The Bloodhound

Sung by

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS

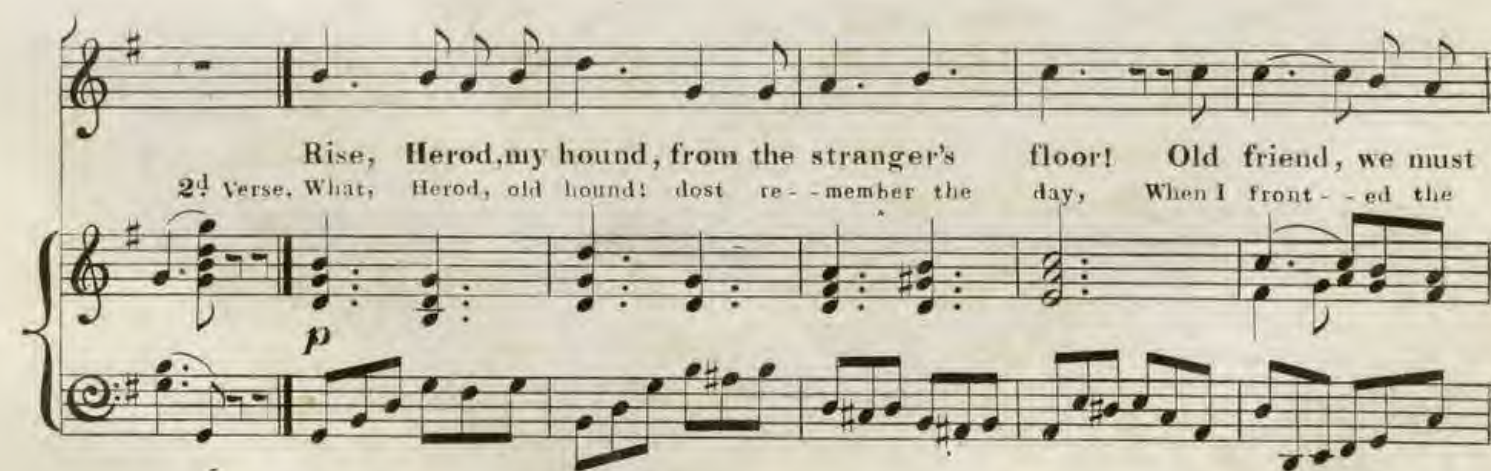
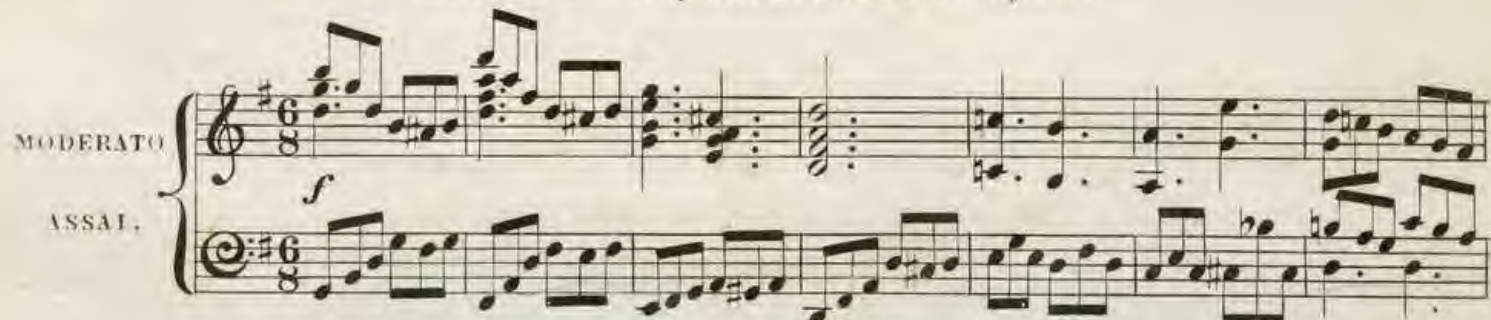
WORDS BY

Harry Cornwall

Music by the

CHEVALIER SIGISMUND NEUKOMM.

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A Story is told of a dog, a species of Bloodhound, who accompanied his master through many countries, and once rescued him from death. A most extraordinary attachment is said to have existed between them; and to this, of course, must be referred the extraordinary sentiment with which the Song closes. The song itself may be supposed to have been sung on their return to the place of the man's nativity, and on his finding that all his former friends were dead.



wan - - der the world once more; For no one now liv - - eth to  
 wolves, like a stag at bay; When down - wards they gal - - lop'd to

wel - come us back: No come! let us speed on our fa - - - ted  
 where we stood, Whilst I stagger'd with fear, with fear in the dark . . . . pine

track. What matter the region, what matter the weather, So  
 wood. Dost re - member their howlings, their horri - ble speed, God,

you and I travel till death together? And in  
 God: how I pray'd for a friend in need: And he

death? Why e'en there I may still be  
came! Ah! 'twas then my dear He - - rod, I

*sf* *Tenuto.* *fp* *fp*

found By the side of my beau - - ti-ful black Blood -  
found That the best of all friends was my bold Blood -

*fp* *fp* *fp* *fp*

- hound, By the side of my beau - ti-ful black Blood -  
- hound, that the best of all friends was my bold Blood -

*fp* *fp* *fp* *fp* *fp* *fp*

- hound.  
- hound.

*f*

Men tell us, dear friend, that the no - ble hound Must for e - - ver be



lost in the worthless ground: Yet "Courage," "Fi - de - li - ty," "Love," (they



say,) Bear man, as on wings, to his skies a - way!



Well, He - rod! go tell them, what - e - ver may be, I'll hope I may





